

Gym Class Losers by [thewiselosers](#)

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Summary:

Centers around the boys' (and el and max) first year entering high school. The threat of the mind flayer and the upside down is at bay and the party deal with normal issues kids have at their age. It's byler centric (it focuses mainly on Will and Mike's relationship) as the party deals with bullies, school, friendship, love, etc.

1. It Gets Worse

Author's Note:

Never really wrote fanfic before but i love will/mikes relationship especially seeing it in season 2 and just wanted to contribute to the fandom. id love for you to leave a comment about what you thought of the story and thanks for reading!

It was the first day of the party's second week of high school when things started to turn from bad to worse, and it didn't even have anything to do with the mindflayer, the upside down, or hawkins lab.

It was high school, and more specifically, the people in it. They've always dealt with bullies before, but none with so much of a profound effect that arose when cramming hundreds of teenagers from different age groups and social groups into one setting. The boys found faults everywhere, from the gum laden desks of the classrooms and unkempt bathrooms, to the overcrowded lunch area. But one thing they weren't anticipating was the struggle of gym class. Their athletic abilities (or lack thereof) aside, they were thrown a huge curveball when they strolled into the boys locker room that first day. It was cramped and smelled of bad body odor. Trash was already littered about, and the casual half-nakedness of the upperclassmen was a hard concept to grasp when they entered the brightly lit room. From all that Steve told Dustin who in turn told the gang, and what Nancy and Jonathan could advise to their younger siblings, locker room etiquette wasn't a topic that had been brought up in the slightest.

"What the shit."

Dustin simply said when their minds caught up with the scene before them. Most of their other classmates shared the same reservations when in the boys locker room, standing around awkwardly, waiting for some brave soul, anyone, to choose a locker and start changing.

When one did, it encouraged some others to also join in on the too public strip-down from carefully picked outfits (thanks, mom) to the

plane t-shirt and shorts provided by the school, its mascot proudly ironed on the chest. Will looked to Mike, who looked at Lucas who looked from Dustin back to Mike, as they all shuffled toward nearby lockers. Mike and Will's beside each other, and Dustin and Lucas across from them. One boy their age, Chester, had the unfortunate case of wearing ripped underwear, and just as he began to pull up his gym shorts, a group of upperclassmen passed by, shirtless and rowdy, and proceeded to take advantage of the laughable situation.

"Chuckie's got a little show going for us, huh boys?"

As the smaller boys turned toward the interruption, the head boy proceeded to poke his finger through one of the holes and pull the fabric down, exposing Chesters pale-white butt to half the class.

The two other boys he was with burst into laughter, and around half of the boys in the hall began to join in. Whether genuinely at Chesters expense, or to simply please the older boys, the party wasn't sure. Chester frantically pulled his shorts up, mortified. The party was less than amused, and proceeded to clutch their gym clothes to their chest, and high tail it to the boys bathroom at the end of the locker room, where nearly a quarter of the other boys in their class were waiting for a chance to use the stall next (and it wasn't because it was after lunchtime).

That was the routine for the rest of the week. The new class waiting in long lines to change in the stalls, or awkwardly change out it the open, like too easy prey in the daylight.

That first friday Coach Rowllins anounced something that caused stomachs to drop.

No one was to use the bathroom to change unless they had a note from a parent saying they couldn't do so in the locker room. It was a grateful luxury the party now realized they may have taken for granted.

"Maybe it won't be that bad."

Mike said to the group, all too sure of himself. Dustin and Lucas resigned themselves.

That weekend Mike spent the night at Wills' house and the two did

homework together. They were lucky to be in the same math class but Will found their teacher, Ms. Barwick, hard to understand. She taught as if everyone already knew what she was saying, like she was telling the class how she solved the problem, but not explaining how she did it. He just felt lost the whole time and it frustrated him because he was supposed to be really good at school. The textbook wasn't any help either, because he would just end up doodling in it whenever her monotone voice caused his mind to drift. Will thought about going to the counselors office and switching classes, but he and Mike already only had one other class together, English, but Lucas was in that class too. Mike got lucky and had at least one of the party members in each of his classes, and Will didn't like the idea of sharing their only other class together with Lucas.

Will sat cross-legged with his back against the wooden headboard of his bed.

"Did you finish the bottom half of the page?"

Mike was laying on his stomach with his geometry textbook open in front of him and his binder and homework sheet beside it. His ankles were crossed and he was propping himself up on his elbows and chewing on the eraser tip of his pencil.

Will looked down at his own homework sheet, the half he was supposed to do not even close to being finished. He looked down at Mike who was laying at his feet. He realized suddenly that he literally always looked up at Mike. Mike was significantly taller than him and it didn't help that he was the smallest in their friend group. The only time he looked down at Mike was when they were in his room like they are now. Will sighed. He slammed the textbook shut and put his binder aside.

"Come on Will it's easy. Come here, which ones eating you?"

Mike had sat up and faced Will, taking Will's binder and looking at the nearly blank sheet of paper. Mike furrowed his brows, ready to give Will a pep talk when he noticed something peeking out of his binder. It was a sheet of paper with writing in Mrs. Byers' handwriting. He slid it out further and saw that it read 'Dear Coach Rowllins'.

Mike looked up at Will and Will looked from Mike to his binder, and quickly snatched the binder away from Mikes hand.

"You actually asked your mom to write you a note?" Mike's words were loud in the previous silence. Will shrugged and tucked the letter carefully back into place. It wasn't a big deal.

"I have real medical reasons. I can't- i'm not comfortable and if i don't have to then i shouldn't. You've seen how the juniors and seniors are."

Mike shook his head.

"Everyone will know and they'll make fun of you even worse. At least if you change with everyone else, no one would care as much since we're all in the same boat."

"What difference does it make? I'm already zombie boy and...and you know. What's one more nickname?"

"Trust me, Will. It'll be easier if we all stick together. Then it won't be so bad."

Mike stared intently at him, urging, and Will was defeated.

"Okay. But you're doing my math homework for the rest of the week."

"At least watch me so you can see how i do it."

Will glanced from Mikes careful gaze to his homework page, most of the problems effortlessly solved.

"Deal."

For the next hour and a half the two boys sat hunched over on Wills bed, Mike like a teacher, explaining each step he made and why he made it. Will felt much better going into math class that monday, but his unease for gym class didn't go away.

The locker room was cramped more so than ever now that all the boys had to change in there. The party of four made their way to the lockers as they did that first day, only this time they actually began to strip. They looked awkward and felt awkward, wondering just how

many eyes were on them. Lucas and Dustin were smart enough to open some of the empty lockers around them to block anyones view. Mike and Will were beside each other, but the lockers around them were occupied. Will looked up at Mike, who gave him a small "don't think about it smile". Will unbuttoned his pants, fidgeting with the button, and zipped the zipper down. He shimmied out of his pants. Mike did the same, stepping out of his. They both pulled their gym shorts on and felt a little better. Mike changed his shirt, and Will did the same.

Dustin let out a laugh and gestured his head to Wills shirt. Will looked down at himself and then proceeded to swivel his head around like an owl. He had put his shirt on backwards. Will laughed it off as Mike reached over and pulled out the tag from Wills chest. Will shoved him off and raised his shirt over his head, exposing his stomach, but was cut off by a wolf whistle from not too far away. He quickly pulled his shirt back over himself and turned toward the source of the intrusion.

"Look what we have here. A school of guppies swimming in the big pond."

It was Tommy and his couple of goons. The prime predators of the boys locker room. Tommy was a junior now, a little taller, more muscular and handsome as ever. Like the devil. No one at Hawkins high would say he was the friendliest person in the town, but sometime during the summer before the party entered high school, Tommy had become meaner than ever before. Where in the past he would just stir up trouble, now he actively sought it out.

"Actually guppies don't swim in schools, fish do."

Lucas smacked Dustin on the shoulder, and he threw his hands up defensively with a regretful look of "i couldn't help it".

"What was that?" They had Tommy's full attention now. Dustin didn't respond as the normally loud commotion of the locker room began to die down, anticipating the attack that was surely to come. Tommy looked back at the group of four boys, sizing them up with glee.

"Sinclair, didn't the school give you a separate room to change in?"

He asked as if it were a genuine question, and turned to his two friends, who gave comical 'gee i don't know' expressions.

Tommy gave a cursory glance toward Will, then looked blankly forward. He loudly exclaimed-

"This boys head's on backwards! They don't call him Zombie Boy for nothing now do they? Oh wait! My mistake. He just doesn't have mommy here to dress him right."

Laughter broke out as everyone turned to Will, who still hadn't fixed his shirt.

"You better take that back Tommy." Mike glared with all the bravery his lanky 5'7" frame could give him.

"Yeah and we're not guppies. We're ninth graders now which means-

Tommy cut Dustin off with a harsh Slam! Of metal from one of the locker doors he so smartly left open. The air was palpable.

Tommy breezed forward, his voice like gravel. He was just talking to them. No show for everyone else to hear.

"I've got another two years with you dweebs. It's in your best interest to stay out of my way."

Tommy grabbed Dustin by the shirt, and Dustin instinctively wrapped his hands around Tommys wrist, digging the heels of his feet into the solid concrete below his feet. Only Tommy didn't yank him forward like Dustin thought he would. Tommy simply leaned in close and whispered into Dustins ear.

"Make a fool of me again. And i'll be sure to give you your old smile back."

Tommy let go and stepped back, amused with himself.

"And you. Little Frankenstein."

Tommys eyes were on Will, a malicious smile on his face.

"I suggest you let coach Rowllins know you'll be changing in the

bathroom from now on. On account of all your medical reasons. You don't want to infect all of us in here now do you Byers?"

Will looked around nervously but saw no one; all too conscious of the ears that might have heard the older boy.

"Do you?" Tommy's voice was firmer now. He wanted an answer. Will looked up at him and shook his head.

"Right. Well boys you better get on out there. Physical Ed is important for your growing bodies."

Tommy walked away with his two shadows in tow. Lockers slammed shut and the atmosphere became polarizing as boys rushed out of the room to continue with their day.

Will stood rigid, and Dustin and Lucas looked drained of all enthusiasm.

"You were right Mike. It wasn't so bad, it was worse."

Will gave Mike one last defeated look before heading out the locker room, not even bothering to check if his friends were following him. Mike watched Will leave, a sad confusion eating at him.

2. Fright Night

Summary for the Chapter:

The group have a movie night and Will struggles with his thoughts. Will centric. Max and El are in this chapter. El/Mike in this chapter.

The next few weeks passed with minor incidents. Most of the boys got used to changing in the locker rooms and Tommy and his friends kept their taunts to a minimum. The party realized Tommy was overtly mean as a way to solidify his image as someone they should be intimidated by. It worked for the most part, but the boys weren't afraid to defend themselves when things looked like they were getting out of hand. As for the locker room coyness, most of the boys in their grade got over the initial awkwardness. It was just something they got used to, forgetting all about how nervous they were at the start of the school year. Dustin, Lucas and Mike always chatted while changing in the locker room. Usually about when they were going to visit the arcade or whose house their next dungeons and dragons tourney was going to be at. Will often spoke minimally, always changing quickly and being one of the first kids out on the P.E court. The others usually didn't even notice Will was gone until they all went onto the court themselves and find Will sitting on the bleachers of the basketball court waiting for them.

That's where Will was when Mike went up to him. Will sat on the second row of the bleachers waiting for the rest of the class to show up so Coach Rowlin's could give them their assignment.

"Hey, are you coming over to Lucas's tonight? His mom's making potato salad."

Mike plopped on the bleachers beside Will, long pale legs bent to a ninety degree and hands straight, his fingers clutching the edge of the plastic seat.

Will sat close to himself, watching the other kids pile out of the locker room.

“Uh yeah yeah. I just have to ask my mom first.”

“Sure. Like she’d say no to you.”

Mike laughed.

“What?”

Will looked up at Mike, not understanding. Lucas and Dustin walked up before Mike could answer.

“Who said no to what?”

Dustin asked, looking between Mike and Will.

“Wait, you can’t come over? We were supposed to watch Defenders of the Universe tonight.”

Lucas already started over thinking and Will shook his head.

“I haven’t asked my mom yet. ”

“Oh”. Lucas said flatly.

“Just tell Jonathan before school ends.”

Lucas nodded enthusiastically at Dustin's valid suggestion.

“Yeah okay.” Will spoke, agreeing.

“Good. Then it's settled. We'll all bike to Lucas’s after school.”

The boys got to their feet as Coach Rowllins came out of the locker room, clipboard in hand and whistle around his neck. He blew into the whistle loudly and all the boys gathered around him on the court.

“Volleyball. Teams of four lets go.”

That night at Lucas’s was like any other night the boys had when they hung out together. They laughed and teased and geeked out. It was a little more special since it was at Lucas’s, and they usually hung out in Mike's basement or Will’s house. They all realized just how much they missed Mrs. Sinclair's potato salad, swiftly asking for

seconds before the bowl emptied.

They sat together on the couch in front of the big tv screen, sharing two bowls of popcorn despite having just ate dinner. Lucas sat on the loveseat and Dustin and Will shared the big couch. Mike sat on the floor beside Will. Mike smiled to himself at the sight of Will's legs, thinking back to an earlier time not that long ago when Will's feet would dangle over the edge, too short to reach the carpeted floor.

It got dark pretty quickly, too quickly for their preference, and soon Mike, Dustin and Will were saying goodbye, biking home. Mike rode with Will to his house, not wanting to leave Will alone in the dark. Even though Will was free of the Mind Flayer, Mike still worried about him. He couldn't risk leaving Will alone at night, exposed to whatever that could still be lurking about.

They reached Will's house, and Will stepped off his bike.

"Are you going to sleep right away?"

It was an odd question for Mike to ask him, and Will was a little taken aback when he turned around and saw Mike looking back at him a bit awkwardly.

"I'm gonna shower and brush my teeth first but, yeah. Why?"

Mike shook his head, annoyed at something.

"Your brothers car isn't here. And it's friday night so.."

Mike laughed the end of his sentence out.

"I just need something to distract myself. Thought we could radio each other."

Will looked from his own front door back to Mike and smiled.

The two burst through the door of the Byers house, alerting Joyce from the the living room. She greeted her son with a kiss on the forehead, forgetting her television program due to the couple's loud intrusion.

“Will did you have fun? Hi Mike, are you spending the night?”

She gave Will a pointed look while pulling him into a tight hug.

Mike stood with his hands clutching on his backpack straps.

“Yeah. If- If that's alright.”

“Of course, it's friday go on have fun.”

She put a gentle hand on Mike's shoulder as he skipped passed her and followed Will down the hall to his room.

“Don't forget to shower before bed!” She shouted out.

“Okay!”

Will shouted back.

When they reached Will's room Mike threw his backpack in the corner and sat on Will's bed. Will started rummaging through his dresser.

“I'll try not to take long so you don't get bored and leave.”

Will said by the doorway, clean clothes in his hands.

Mike nodded and Will left, leaving the door open.

Mike got up and started looking around Will's room. Will had a lot of knick knacks lying about, but they were pretty organized for the most part. No trash or anything like that.

Mike stopped at Will's bedside table. Will had a Lego spaceship on the top, one Mike hadn't seen before. It must be new, since the instruction guide was still laid out beside it. The Galaxy Commander. Mike picked it up and looked at it closely. There were so many different connected parts, it must have took Will a good couple of hours to finish it. Will was never the fastest lego builder. Dustin was the one in the group who was really good at it. A sudden slam! Of the front door and the lego figure slipped from Mike's fingers. Jonathan.

Mike looked down in time to see the figure plummet to the ground, as if its untimely demise were playing out in slow motion. His heart skipped a beat at the thought of Will's new Galaxy Commander shattering like glass after what looked like a long time putting it together. Mike dropped to his knees and flailed his arms out like he was catching a football, an internal cheer of ahh's played in his head at the touch of plastic on his pale fingertips.

Mike stayed on the floor for a few seconds, giving himself a disbelieving laugh at what *almost* could have been a disaster. The bottom of Will's bed was the only thing in Mike's sight, and being nosy he decided to peek under.

It wasn't all that interesting. He'd looked under Nancy's bed once and only found girly magazines before she came in and yelled him out of the room. Will's looked like Mike's own. A forgotten pair of pants. Crumbled sheets of paper. A dictionary (Okay maybe not quite the same. Mike had other types of books under his). A half open box of twinkies. Actual dust bunnies. Against the wall, by where the headboard was, a small wooden box. Bingo. Mike peeked his head over the bed to peer into the hallway that was visible from the open door. He listened for the sound of rushing water but heard nothing. *Will takes baths, stupid.* Mike ducked back down and reached under the bed, *feeling* more than seeing for the little wooden box. He pulled the thing out and placed it in his lap. Then, being more clandestine, he shot up and tiptoed toward the door, closing it shut. He walked back over to Will's bed and sat down, bringing the box back to his lap. It was old and small. It had layers of dust on the top, the dust on the sides disturbed by Mike's fingerprints. There was a little latch at the center, and he tugged it out and lifted the lid. Inside was what looked like a lot of nothing. A couple of board game pieces. Mike brought it up to his face. Little red houses. Mike put the game piece back, thinking it was odd. There was a giant eye in the box as well. Not a real one, one that looked like it was from a stuffed animal. A ripped open crayola box with broken and used to the nub crayons. Mike picked up a small piece of thin cloth. It was a worn blue handkerchief. A polaroid picture of Joyce sitting in a hospital bed holding a baby. She looked a lot younger, but still her spirited self. She looked tired. Beside her was a mop-haired Jonathan, not even six years old, smiling like the day was sunshine. Mike closed the box.

He got down on his knees again and slid it under the bed, biting his tongue in concentration until he heard a small thud and pressure of the box nudging itself against the wall. Mike ducked his head underneath the bed to see if nothing looked out of the ordinary. His eyes caught on a thin notebook that he hadn't noticed before. It sat almost peeking out from under the bed, as if slid across the floor from its original resting place. Mike figured he must have pushed it out when he got the box. He got up and rounded to the other side of the bed, leaning down to pick up the booklet. When he looked down he saw that it was a drawing pad. He stood with his head hunched down, flipping the cover over to the first page. It was a pencil sketch of Jonathan's profile looking into the left distance, focused. There was a light source at the back of his head. It looked almost real. There was something different about his eyes. Not wrong, just weird. His right eye was very reflective, like a camera lens. Mike flipped to the next page. It was a picture of Joyce and Bob from the waist up. Their arms were linked and they were smiling. Joyce was in a white dress and Bob wore an all black suit. It looked sweet. Joyce's face was obscured by dark lines and shadows, a black veil. Mike flipped the page to a drawing of the arcade, only it was decayed into some post apocalyptic state. He turned the page again and found a drawing of himself. He was wearing a striped shirt and had his walkie to his ear, thinking with his eyebrows creased together. Mike ghosted his fingers over the pencil sketch. It looked so much like him, almost like a photo. He was half expecting something to be different about the drawing, like the others, but he couldn't find anything.

“Mike, what are you doing?”

Will was standing in the doorway soaking wet in his boxers and t shirt. His shirt was see through at parts from pressing against Will's wet skin. Mike hadn't even noticed Will open the door.

Will's eyes were wide with shock, but he made no indication that he was going to tear the sketchbook from Mike's hands.

Mike looked down from the sketchbook up to Will. He walked across the room to Will.

“I found it and....well i was just looking and...these are really great Will.”

Will glanced at the page Mike was on.

“Thanks.”

Will closed the door behind him and Mike sat on the edge of the bed.

Mike reached out and practically peeled Will’s shirt from his skin.

“You’re soaking wet.”

Mike mused.

“We didn’t have any clean towels.”

Will said shyly as he sat down next to Mike.

Mike looked over to Will, who was shivering. Goosebumps painted his arms, and when he breathed out, Mike could see it.

“Will?”

Will looked over to Mike expectantly. Mike brought his hand up to Will’s cheek and immediately flinched away.

“Will you’re freezing! You took a bath with no hot water?”

Will shrugged.

“It’s the water bill. Don’t worry. It’s only for a few days.”

Mike was already grabbing the blanket he was sitting on and wrapping it around Will’s shoulders. He rubbed up and down from Will’s shoulders to elbows over the blanket, trying to get him warm.

“Better?”

Mike looked at Will with so much earnest in his eyes, Will forgot he was asked a question. He was all bundled up warm now. Will nodded slowly and looked down at his bare feet, out in the open and freezing. He didn’t look at Mike, who had returned to flipping through pages of the sketchbook.

“How long have you been drawing in here?”

“The past year mostly. I don't really draw in it that much.”

Mike nodded as he flipped through the pages. Most of it was Hawkins or weird versions of it. Not many people, just places.

“They almost look like photos.”

“Thanks. It's called Hyper Realistic. I'm not that good.”

“Are you kidding me? These are great.”

Will laughed.

“I guess. I want to get better though.”

Mike stopped turning the pages when they turned out blank, and set the book aside. He looked over to Will, who kept his eyes forward.

“Still cold?”

Mike asked. Will swallowed.

“It's not that there's no hot water. Ever since that night with my mom and Jonathan, I can't take hot showers. Is that weird?”

Will looked at Mike for an answer.

“No. Maybe it's like what Doctor Owens said the Mind Flayer was. Maybe it's like trauma from that night, that your brain can't move on from.”

Will agreed and untangled himself from the blankets.

“it's kind of late. Do you want to go to bed or do something else?”

Mike thought about telling Will that Jonathan was home and it wasn't too late for him to bike home. He decided against it.

Will set up the blankets beside the bed for Mike like he usually did, but held off of sleep for a little while. The two laid together on Will's bed, Mike on his stomach and Will on his back with his head on the pillows. They talked about school, video games, teachers, tv. Mike and Will found themselves suppressing their laughs at times, and it

felt so good to just be normal friends again without worrying about monsters. A comfortable silence fell over them after a couple of hours of this. Mike looked up at Will, a caution in his eyes. Will fiddled with his thumbs.

“Do you ever get nightmares?”

Will looked down at Mike.

“Not so much anymore. You?”

Mike shook his head.

“I have this recurring dream. Where im falling off the cliff and El reaches her hand out to save me. But I just keep falling. And I'm not even screaming or anything, I just let it happen. Sometimes she's not even there. Sometimes she's the one who pushes me off. I don't know what it means.”

Mike was laying on his back, his face at Wills feet, legs dangling over the front of the bed.

“El would never hurt you.”

Will simply said. Mike looked up at him from his upside down position. He just stared up at Will and Will back at him.

Mike flipped over and sat up like Will, so they were facing each other, a burst of energy going through him suddenly. Will got a nervous excitement through him too.

“Tomorrow's saturday!”

Mike whisper-yelled. Will glanced at the clock. **1:07 am.**

Will had completely forgot that the group had planned on seeing Fright Night that saturday, with Max and El. Hopper had allowed it as long as it was a group thing, not just El and Mike. He trusted them both, but it would be her first time going to the movies and he thought it was best for her to go with all her friends, not just one boy she happened to like at the time.

Will thought about how excited Mike had been the whole week. The two went to bed not long after.

The next night all five friends were outside the movie theatre waiting for Hopper to drive up with El. Lucas, Max, and Dustin were arguing over whether surfing was the same as riding a skateboard, and Will listened in while Mike waited nervously for El to arrive.

“You’d fall right off!”

Dustin had exclaimed.

“Okay you’ve obviously never been to a beach before because it does not feel like that.”

“It’s more like snowboarding cause the ground moves right?”

Lucas had looked to Max, who nodded with a look of ‘finally’ in her eyes.

“And when you steer it’s the same as a skateboard, same core balance and moves.”

“So if you know how to ski or ride a skateboard-”

Will had chimed in.

“You can surf. It’s not that hard. People don’t ‘cause they’re scared of the water.”

“Yeah, aren’t there sharks?”

Lucas asked. Max shook her head.

“Sometimes dolphins show up at night, which is cool., but there aren’t any sharks in the shallows. Only crabs and jellyfish. Those are worse.

“Worse than sharks?”

Will asked.

Max nodded seriously.

“When I was eight I swam into the deep end and got stung by a jellyfish.”

“No way.”

Lucas had said disbelieving. Max nodded her head.

“It wrapped its tentacles around my ankle and wouldn't let go. I had to swim all the way back to shore before I kicked it into some coral.”

“That's badass.”

Dustin said. Max laughed.

“Not all of it. The coral cut my skin and I had to go to the hospital. I didn't even notice i was bleeding until I got out of the water and saw a trail of blood in the sand. That's when I got scared that the shark from Jaws was gonna come out and attack me.”

They all laughed.

“That's insane.”

Lucas had finally concluded, and Max smiled hugely.

“I still have a scar from the stitches I got but, you can't really see them anymore.”

She had reached down and pushed down the striped tube sock she wore with her black sneakers, revealing a pale surgical scar on her ankle, only barely visible in the dim orange glow of the theatre lights.

A car door slammed shut, and the heads of all the party members turned to see El stepping out of Chief Hopper's Chevrolet Blazer. She wore her dark denim jacket over a light grey long sleeved shirt that peaked out of the cuffs, and black skirt. She walked happily up to the group of friends, and the group waved goodbye to Chief Hopper as they greeted El.

“Hey El. You look pretty.”

Mike immediately said. El smiled.

“We should hurry before the movie starts.”

Dustin had spoke, newly energized.

“I’m late?”

El spoke softly and a bit confused. Mike shook his head no.

“The movie starts in an hour. We gotta get good seats first and get snacks.”

The boys agreed and headed toward the packed theatre entrance.

They ended up getting a good seat in the middle of the theatre. Dustin sat at the very left of everyone, Lucas to his right, then Max. Will sat beside her with Mike to his right, and finally El. Dustin had smuggled in a box of suzy Q’s and Oreos, and Max took out cans of coca cola from her own backpack and started passing them around. The drinks weren’t as cold since they’d been out of the fridge for well over an hour, but at least they didn’t have to pay for the theatre’s overpriced drinks. Mike and El were at the concession line getting popcorn. Will waited excitedly in his seat. The previews were the best part about waiting for a movie to start, he never liked missing them. Whenever he, Mike, Lucas and Dustin would go to the movies together they’d rock paper scissors who had to get the popcorn. Will hated losing. The lines were long and he always worried he’d miss something important. Mike had offered to get the popcorn with El, saying that it was an essential part of the movie going experience to wait in the lines and pay for the snacks.

When the theatre lights darkened Will looked nervously to his right at the empty seats beside him. As the first trailer began to play, he caught a glimpse of Mike and El from his peripheral, coming in with three large buckets of buttery popcorn. Will breathes a sigh of relief as the two took their seats beside him.

“Is this the first preview?”

Mike asked Will in a whisper-yell. Will nodded and passed the popcorn bucket down the line.

Fifteen minutes into the movie they all realized it was a bad idea to see this movie.

When the four boys decided on what movie to go to, a rated R horror flick sounded perfect. Watching it now made them realize that the R rating wasn't just for violence and language. Mike had visibly tensed during those scenes, afraid to look over at El. Dustin made a point of loudly eating whatever snack he had, and Lucas and Max just smiled to themselves as if sharing an inside joke. Will noted his friends awkward defenses around him, but his attention didn't waver from what was on screen. The scene that caught all their attention was pretty early on. Will's eyes were glued to the screen as the handsome neighbor began caressing a young woman. Her bare breasts were shown as he kissed her sensually. Will got a feeling in the pit of his stomach that he was sure the others were feeling too. Or maybe they weren't. All Will could think about was the tiny piece of paper in his back pocket that read *The Black Cauldron*. The main character Charley had watched the neighbor long enough to realize something was wrong and ran out the room. The group breathed an internal sigh of relief as the scene ended. It left Will feeling different in a way. The mood shifted around him.

They watched the rest of the movie and enjoyed themselves, getting genuinely frightened at parts, and squeamish at others. It wasn't a slasher movie like others they've been used to seeing before, but it was creepy all the same.

At one particular scary part Will turned to Mike only to see El doing the same. Will quickly turned back to the screen, seeing Mike from his peripheral tentatively put his hand over El's. Something stirred in Will's chest, a feeling he sometimes got when he saw Mike and El together. He was scared too. But for some reason, he couldn't turn to Mike to comfort him anymore. Will liked El, a lot. She was a little weird, like everyone else in the group, but she was also really cool. She was even shy like him and he liked having her in the group. The thing was, he liked Mike more. And sitting in that crowded theatre with his five best friends beside him, Will couldn't feel more alone.

When the movie ended they all circled outside the theatre talking about their favorite parts of the movie and waiting for El to get picked up.

Will seemed to remember other parts better and couldn't really contribute to the conversation like he normally would. In fact, he couldn't remember much of the 'scary parts' they were talking about.

"Hey, you okay?"

Mike had turned to Will in the midst of overlapping voices, a clear whisper in a forest of noise. Mike's eyes were filled with mild concern. Will had all but forgot Mike was even there, despite listening to all his friends rant about what part scared them the most, and furious denials of flinching during the jump scares. Will nodded his head.

"Too scary?"

Will thought back on the scenes he remembered. He couldn't really understand why Charley was so afraid of the neighbor, Jerry. Sure he was a vampire but, he was only killing women. Which is pretty scary, but Charley would've been safe if he hadn't found out about it. And Jerry wasn't even scary looking all the time. He was charming and sinister, Will knew that. But he wasn't afraid of him. He was strangely-

Just then Chief Hopper's car pulled up.

Everyone said their goodbyes and got on their bikes except for Will, who had to get picked up by Jonathan since the movie ended so late. There was no chance his mom was gonna let him bike home, alone or not. Nor did Will want to. Mike was the last to stay with him as the others left hurriedly home, but they didn't wait long. Jonathan pulled up and Will threw his bike in the back.

"Do you want a ride home Mike?"

Jonathan yelled out the passenger seat window. Will opened the passenger door and lingered there, waiting for Mike's response. Mike looked unsure and then shrugged, shaking his head.

"It's okay, I got my bike."

Jonathan nodded his head and Will got inside, slamming the door shut.

Jonathan drove off and Will looked out to the passenger side mirror.

OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

Will unfocused his eyes and watched Mike step over his bike and begin pedaling off.

“You always have to invite them in, or they can’t enter.”

Will’s swiveled his head over to Jonathan in surprise, and Jonathan simply smirked to himself.

“What? Like I really believed you were watching that disney movie?”

Will put his head in his hands.

“Are you going to tell mom?”

Jonathan shrugged.

“I did the same thing when I was your age. Though you'd get in way more trouble that I would've if I was caught. I don't wanna see you grounded for just trying to have fun with your friends.”

Will smiled over at his older brother.

“Thanks Jonathan.”

“You better not get nightmares or mom will *definitely* start asking questions.”

Will looked out the window again and laughed.

“I won’t.”

The drive home was quiet and seemed to pass like a dream. It was already 11 o'clock when they reached home. Will changed out of his clothes and went to the bathroom to brush his teeth. Something poked his gums from the base of his tooth. Will set his toothbrush aside and moved his tongue around where his gum hurt. After a few moments of doing this he spit out a popcorn kernel skin into the sink. Will stared into the sink with a sigh. The night already seemed like a

distant memory. Will couldn't help but feel he'd forgotten something important. Something that shouldn't be forgotten, and yet it was. He went back into his room and turned out the lights, getting under the blankets to sleep.

Will lay sound asleep in his bed beneath the warm sheets. His eyes fluttered open and squinted as a bright white light cast itself over his face from his bedroom window. He brought his hand up slowly to cover his face, and sat up with confusion. It was dark in his room, but something felt different. The bright light went away like a dying candle. He looked around some more and realized it wasn't his room at all, but it looked familiar somehow. It was the bedroom of Charley, the boy from the movie they saw that night. Will threw the blanket off of himself and stood up, walking toward the window the white light had come from. There was a house across the way with its window curtains open. He could see inside. Will looked down at himself. He was wearing the same clothes he always wore to bed, but a pair of binoculars rested against his chest, hanging from around his neck. Will picked the pair up and brought it to his eyes, peering through them and out the bedroom window, to the neighbors. As he thought, a beautiful young woman stood there, taking her red robe off, and her lacy bra next. Her breasts were bare and she looked right at him, at Will. Just then the man, the vampire Jerry came up behind her and started caressing her. He exposed her throat and brought his lips to the skin. As he did, he looked out the window to Will, staring at him as he opened his mouth to reveal two sharp fangs. The vampire bit into the woman's neck, and she didn't scream or wither as blood oozed out of the puncture wound.

Will brought the goggles down from his eyes and turned his back to the window, afraid to keep looking. A few seconds passed before the hair raising sound of tapping on glass froze him in place. Tap... tap...tap.... . The sound lingering in the air. Will's curiosity overtook him and he slowly turned around to face the window. When he did, his stomach dropped. It was Mike. Only his skin was pale and leathery. His eyes were a dull yellow, and the hand he rested against the windowpane had long nails like claws. He stared at Will with hunger in his eyes. When he opened his mouth to speak, a pair of bright white fangs peaked menacingly out the corners of his mouth.

"Can I come in?"

Will woke with a cold sweat throughout his body and his breathing erratic. His bangs were practically glued to his forehead. His head shot straight to his bedroom window, but there was nothing there. Will lowered his head into the palm of his hands and sighed. He calmed himself down before throwing the blankets aside and draped his legs over the side of his bed. He breathed out.

It was just a dream. It was just a dream.

Will looked over to his alarm clock. **12:59 am.**

Will turned on the light and dropped to the floor, reaching under his bed for his sketchbook. When he found it he grabbed a pencil and sat back on his bed. He sat sketching in the middle of the night for nearly two hours. He couldn't get the image out of his head.

Can I come in?

Will finally shut the book and set it aside and waited. He didn't know for what. His chest hurt, his whole body did. Exhausted like he'd just ran a marathon. Will put the book back under his bed and went to sleep, too tired to think.

Notes for the Chapter:

Still not sure how many chapters to make this but i have a clearer idea of where i want the story to go. I plan to add more Mike in it, but i feel like Will is the voice i want the story to center around. Please leave a comment if you liked it or anything, i really appreciate it.

3. Jumbo Pop

Summary for the Chapter:

The gang takes a trip to the comic book store, Will discovers more about himself.

Notes for the Chapter:

(There's a lot of dialogue in this chapter so good luck)

Disclaimer

In this chapter one of the characters performs a "sexual act".

It isn't my intention for the character in the scene to be perceived in a sexual way by any readers.

I do not describe the scene explicitly because the details don't lend itself to the story in any way and are therefore omitted.

I and many other people know that sexuality isn't something one discovers in adulthood (for most people, that is).

This piece of fiction surrounds the coming of age/sexuality of the characters and i don't think it's unnatural for it to be that way. However, the character is a minor and portrayed by a minor in the popular media, and i in no way want to disrespect the actors or the people involved by what i'm writing. I do not condone the sexualization of children, prepubescent or pubescent.

Nevertheless, if the idea of exploring the sexuality of a minor isn't something you're comfortable with, you can skip this chapter and I'll provide a short summary of what happened at the start of the next update.

I might scare off any of my readers by this 'disclaimer' but i just want whoever reads this to know that if you've read the first two chapters, you can expect how the scene might go, and i in no way

am trying to make the character be seen in a "sexual" light for the readers personal objectification and perversion. It is simply an important plot point for the character to go through, and i can easily understand where a person reading (minor or adult) might not want to/ isn't comfortable with reading about it.

Mike, Lucas, and Dustin rode their bikes together on a warm sunday morning. They were on their way to Hawkins' only comic book store, wanting to get there early before the weekend rush. They arrived 10 minutes after the doors opened and parked their bikes beside a bench. They practically barged into the empty little store, excited to get their next fix of fiction for the month.

They were met with the resigned sigh of the cashier, Tim.

"Don't you think first thing sunday morning is a bit early?"

Tim spoke aloud to them, adjusting some material behind the register.

"We got things to do and places to be."

Dustin yelled back as all three friends made their way to the shelves of comic books and graphic novels, going through the alphabet of pages and looking for the one they wanted.

Mike made his way to the section with the X-Men comics, while Lucas went over to DC and Dustin looked in the other Marvel subsection. Lucas flipped through the section with the superman comics but couldn't find what he was looking for.

"Do you still have 'For The Man Who has Everything'?"

Lucas turned to Tim the cashier, who stopped and pinched the bridge of his nose, thinking.

"That superman issue number 11?"

Lucas nodded his head fervently.

"We might still have a copy in the back, i'll check. And hey--"

Tim stopped before opening the door to the little stockroom behind the counter.

"Backpacks by the door."

Mike rolled his eyes and the three threw their backpacks to the side. He remembered that day very clearly. Lucas and he had dared Dustin to take something while Tim was busy trying to chat up some girl. Needless to say he got caught red handed. They tried running away but their panic had them all bolt to the door, squeezing against each

other like a pack of sausages.

"You take one keychain when you're 11-"

Dustin shook his head and continued his search, grinning to himself as he slid a comic out of its slot.

"This is totally choice."

Mike rolled his eyes at the lingo they slowly adopted from Max over the year. Dustin held a copy of "The Sensational She-Hulk" proudly up.

"Sensational."

Mike said as he stared at the cover, practically drooling. A beautiful green woman in a black one piece in front of an all black background.

"She sure is."

Dustin grinned to himself and headed to the counter just as Tim returned with a comic in his hand, holding it up with a mock enthusiasm.

"Yes!"

Lucas ran up to the register and took the superman comic from Tim, staring at it like he'd just found Willy Wonka's golden ticket.

Tim began ringing up Dustin and Lucas separately.

"You ready to get ringed up boy-o?"

Lucas and Dustin made their way to their backpacks, putting their comics away.

"Just a sec."

Mike shouted back. He flipped through covers and covers until he finally found what he was looking for; the latest issue of New Mutants sat wedged between X-Men and the Micronauts and Alpha Flight. Mike pulled the graphic out before catching his eye on an edition of Uncanny X-Men. The cover didn't look familiar, and as he pulled out, Mike saw that it was labeled #9, the latest issue in the series. Mike's heart beat faster at the find. Will hadn't been able to get the latest issue because it was too expensive. Instead Will opted to start an older and cheaper run, and hadn't finished the Uncanny X-Men series. The circle at the corner of the cover page said the comic was marked down by 10 cents.

"Mike we're going to get ice cream if you wanna meet us before sundown."

Dustin called out as he and Lucas opened the door to leave, the bell going off and distracting Mike.

"Yeah yeah I'll be out in a minute."

Mike looked up to see his two friends leave before turning back to the two comics he had out. Mike took out his money from his pocket. He had one dollar, enough for just one comic book. He could skip out on ice cream, but it looked like it was going to be a hot day and he was already sweating from just the bike ride over. He thought back to all the money he spent blindly at the arcade. Like a man with a gambling addiction. Mike turned around to see Tim organizing the pins on the counter, then looked to his backpack sitting by the door. "Hey Tim do you have any more of Crisis on Infinite Earths? I don't see any here."

Mike kept his face forward the comics before him, not wanting look Tim in the eye.

"We have issues seven through 12 out but the first six are in the back."

"I was kinda looking for issue number three..."

Mike turned back and smiled pleadingly. Tim sighed and left the room. Mike listened to Tim in the other room and looked to the money in his hand.

A few minutes later he found Lucas and Dustin eating their respective ice cream cones.

"Were you able to find the X-Men you wanted?"

Lucas asked in between his licks. Mike nodded.

"Someone didn't put it back in its right spot."

"Typical."

Dustin agreed. Mike looked to the vanilla cone in Lucas's hand and Dustin's strawberry swirl. He adjusted his backpack strap.

"I'm gonna get myself a cone."

Mike turned to leave his friends in favor of the little ice cream store.

A bell chimed as he walked in, a friendly looking girl smiling at him from behind the counter. She looked somewhat familiar. She had long black hair and brown eyes, freckles on her pale arm. Her name tag read Betty. Mike figured he'd must have seen her around the halls at school. She only looked a couple years older than him.

"Those your friends out there?"

She smiled as she wiped down the porcelain counter with a dish rag. Mike made his way up to the counter, brushing his hair out of his eyes.

"Yeah that's Lucas and Dustin."

The girl, Betty, nodded along.

"So what'll it be?"

Mike mocked looking at the row of choices before him, already knowing which flavor he was gonna get, which flavor he always got. "Mint chocolate chip. In a cone."

Betty nodded as she got the ice cream scoop and dug into the fresh mountain.

"So you boys like Comic books?"

Mike looked up confused at the young girl, who nodded toward the entrance. Mike turned around to look outside the glass window, where Dustin and Lucas were sharing their comic books with each other while trying not to get their sticky hands on the pages.

"Yeah. That's kind of why we're here so early. So we don't have to deal with all the mallrats."

Betty nodded and handed Mike the icecream cone.

"I'm not sure anything in Hawkins is worth getting up this early."

Mike felt like a right loser, bragging about buying comic books.

"We do other stuff too, not just read comics."

Mike handed the money to her while trying to defend himself.

"Oh yeah, like what?"

She said as she counted the change. Mike fidgeted.

"Go to the movies."

"What's the last movie you saw?"

Mike thought about the group movie nights they had, but somehow saying Star Wars an umpteenth time wouldn't help him score any cool points.

"Fright Night."

She looked surprised, and made a show of sizing him up.

"Aren't you a little young to see that movie?"

She said it teasingly, but Mike couldn't help but feel she had the image of him being chaperoned by his parents.

"Maybe. We snuck in and it was pretty fun."

She handed Mike the change and nodded her head.

"I saw that one too."

Then a pause.

"You get scared?"

"A little at parts, yeah, yeah. Did you?"

Betty shook her head, reminiscent.

"Of the vampire? No."

Mike was a little dumbfounded at that. How was she not afraid of the movie monster?

"What? Not even when he turned all- gross?"

Betty shrugged.

"I don't know. He was kinda hot."

"Hot? You know he exclusively killed women right? You would've died in like the first five minutes."

"It's a girl thing. You'll understand when you're older."

"What do you mean?"

Betty laughed to herself.

"Look kid, there's a reason that movie was rated R and it's not just 'cause you saw a pair of boobs. "

She pointed to her head.

"You're saying i'm too immature to understand the movie? It's not like it was The Shining."

Mike rebutted.

"The vampire seduces his victims. That's why he killed women, and why the kid was able to figure it out. He couldn't fall for the vampires tricks."

She handed Mike his change and went back to wiping the counter.

Mike just stared back at her in confusion and awe.

"You weren't afraid of him because you liked him?"

Betty looked up at Mike, a bit surprised to see him still standing there, forgetting for a moment what he was talking about.

"Yeah. Say don't you have somewhere to be? I gotta clean up the place. Mallrats, remember?"

Mike nodded and put his change in the 'tips' jar before skipping out the shop.

The three friends talked and ate their ice cream, but Mike couldn't get Betty's words out of his head until finally he interrupted Lucas and Dustin.

"Did you guys notice Will acting weird the other night?"

Lucas and Dustin looked too each other like they missed something.

"When?"

Lucas finally asked when Mike wouldn't clarify. Mike looked up at his friends.

"When we went to the movies."

He said like it was common knowledge. Lucas and Dustin thought to themselves. Mike didn't know what he wanted to hear from them. Just confirmation that he wasn't thinking crazy.

"Oh you mean when El showed up."

Dustin said, a lightbulb going off. Lucas nodded along. It was Mike's turn to crease his brows in confusion.

"No after the movie. When we were all talking outside."

Mike spoke.

"Yeah... he got all quiet."

Lucas remembered. So they did notice that.

"Wait, what do you mean when El showed up?"

Mike had almost dismissed Dustin's first answer. Dustin shrugged and Lucas gave Mike a sympathetic smile. Mike gave him a look of Well? Aren't you gonna explain?

Lucas talked with his hands to Mike.

"You probably haven't noticed since you're so in love with El, but Will's always like that."

"What? No he's not."

Mike said defiantly. He looked over to Dustin, but Dustin seemed to agree with Lucas.

"Just think back on all the times El's shown up to hang out with us."

Lucas paused his explanation to give Mike time to think. Mike tried remembering the times they'd all go to the park or hang out at his house. Chief Hopper would always drop her off and they'd go on and have a great time. Will would get quieter than usual, but then he'd be hia self again.

Lucas could see that Mike was at least on the right track to understanding.

"We noticed it months ago. Anytime El'd show up he'd suddenly look..."

Dustin explained, trailing off.

"Like she reminded him of something he didn't wanna think about."

"Remind him of what?"

Mike asked. He'd noticed Will's change before. Now that Lucas and Dustin were saying it, all of a sudden all of the evidence was there. Had he intentionally ignored it?

"Well, it's kinda hard to explain."

At the Byers house Will sat alone in his room, drawing.

It was only thirty minutes past nine and he knew he had a long day ahead of him. His mom had to run errands and Jonathan was left in charge. Will thought it wasn't necessary. He was 14 and was old enough to be left alone by himself, and besides, Jonathan wouldn't even wake up until noon. Everyone was going to come over later in the afternoon to read comics. Will was a little nervous because they also invited Max. She'd been to his house before, but it wasn't something they often did. Lucas wanted to get her into things the

whole group would like. Which meant everyone occasionally going to the skatepark and making a fool of themselves as they failed to balance on the small board. Dustin ended up getting pretty good at it, but the time was mostly spent in fits of laughter and the occasional frustration from Mike. Will usually sat aside drawing whenever they went to the skatepark. Max called him a buzzkill, but Will didn't mind. He liked watching his friends and laughing with them. A lot of older kids from their school liked hanging by the skate park too. They usually would smoke and tease the group, but Max liked to show them up whenever they got out of hand. Will was intrigued by the skater guys there, and scared of them at the same time. When they'd joke, it was purely based on their skating skills, or lack thereof. Except for Max, of course. Will thought maybe it was because she was a girl, but quickly realized that the older kids would never make fun of someone who was better than them. Will thought back to one particular day he went to the park, and took out his sketchbook from beneath his bed.

Will arrived early at the skatepark in the recent summer. He went alone and had to wait for everyone to show up. It was a particularly hot afternoon, and sitting on the hot pavement with the sun in his eyes got tiring. He tucked his sketchbook under his arm and trudged off. He figured he could buy a popsicle to help the time pass by. He made his way over to the popsicle stand near the park's edge and waited in the short line. A girl stood directly in front of him, probably around 10 clutching a few coins in her fist. Will waited patiently when he heard someone clear his throat from behind. He turned around to see one of the older guys from the skate rink behind him. The sun immediately caught his eye, and he had to bring his hand up to see without squinting. He recognized the older boy because he was almost always there whenever they went to the park. The older boy was usually accompanied with the guys that would pick on the group, but Will couldn't remember a time when he ever spoke. The older boy was tall, with floppy brown hair that reached his shoulders. Will didn't know his name.

"You're Jonathan's brother right?"

Will was caught off guard. The older boy had a deep voice. He didn't call him zombie boy, and Will liked that he didn't say that. Before he went missing, that's all he was. Jonathans kid brother. Will stepped aside so he could talk without straining his neck.

"Yeah I'm, I'm Will."

The older boy nodded and gestured to Wills under arm.

"Is the park that boring?"

The older boy teased and Will looked down at his sketchbook and shrugged.

"I'm not really good at other things like- skateboarding."

"Then why do you come?"

Will looked over at where his friends would usually be, but they weren't there.

"For my friends."

The older boy nodded.

"I think that's you."

Will looked at the older boy confused before turning around to see the little girl leave with a popsicle in her hand, smiling blissfully.

Will stepped forward.

"What's your poison?"

It was the older boy again, talking to Will.

"What?"

Will spoke unsure of himself.

"What flavor do you want? Before I change my mind."

The older boy smirked down at him.

"Whatever you're getting."

Will stammered. He didn't know why he said that.

"Can we get two jumbo pops?"

The older boy placed the money on the little stand, and the older man handed two jumbo pops to the older boy, who in turn held one out for Will.

"Thanks. You... didn't have to do that."

Will and the older boy walked side by side away from the stand. The older boy shrugged.

"It's not without a cost."

The older boy looked over at Will. Will couldn't quite place the look in his eye, but it wasn't a look he was used to getting. The older boy laughed.

"Are you going to let me see one of your drawings or what?"

Will breathed an internal sigh of relief and smiled up at the older boy.

"Um yeah just..."

Will trailed off and looked around the busy park. He found an empty bench beside some trees, a good distance from the rest of the park. He hurried his way over to the bench and set down his sketchbook,

flipping through the pages until he found one he thought was the best.

"Here."

Will held up the sketchbook to a page with a drawing of Wolverine on it. The older boy reached out to take the book, and Will noticeably swallowed. The older boy gave him a careful look.

"Don't worry my hands aren't sticky."

That wasn't what Will was worried about, but it did add to his anxiety. The older boy studied the page carefully.

"It looks just like a comic. Did you trace it?"

"No!"

Will called out defensively with a smile. The older boy smiled back.

"You got some talent."

The older boy handed the book back to Will.

"Don't you want to see more?"

Will asked, somewhat disappointed.

"Do you want me too?"

The older boy licked the popsicle nonchalantly as he said it, and Will realized he was tremendously cool.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't. But if you wanna know, it's Ryan."

Will looked back at Ryan. He was tall and had deep brown eyes and long lashes. He held the popsicle in his left hand, which had bracelets from his wrist all the way up his forearm. Ryan rested his right leg on the bench and placed the sketchbook atop his thigh and started flipping through the pages with sincere attention. Will stood awkwardly beside him.

"Where are your friends?"

Will asked curiously. The skate rink was a desert in a sea of people. Ryan gave a cursory glance behind him and then turned back to Will. He made a point to look Will directly in the eye when he spoke next.

"They're not my friends."

Will nodded and dropped the subject.

"Good."

Ryan continued to look through the sketchbook. A drop of sweat trickled down the side of his neck and Will watched him lift up the hem of his shirt and wipe it away, exposing his bare stomach for a few seconds. He smoothed his shirt back down, leaving a dark spot of sweat on the fabric.

"When are your friends getting here?"

Will looked down at his watch, eyes fluttering.

"Five minutes maybe."

Ryan nodded. They both stood talking idly for a few minutes, just until they finished their popsicles.

A knock on his bedroom door woke Will from his daze. Jonathan opened the door slightly and peered in.

"Hey, are you hungry? I'm gonna make scrambled eggs."

Will quickly shut his sketchbook and turned his attention to Jonathan.

"Yeah thanks."

Jonathan gave him a curious look before leaving the room. Will ran his hand through his hair and sighed. He opened the book to the page he was sketching in and shook his head. He could feel his eyes well up with tears and he pinched the bridge of his nose. Will shut the sketchbook and threw it across the room, shouting in frustration as the sketchbook hit the opposite wall. Will shot up out of his bed and went into the hallway, where he saw Jonathan in the kitchen listening to one of his records. He hadn't heard anything. Will receded back into the hallway, walked past his bedroom and into Jonathan's.

Jonathan's room was somewhat of a mess. Will ignored it and instead went rummaging around his drawers. He didn't find much. He felt guilty going through Jonathan's stuff, but he pushed that guilt down, deep down with all the other guilt he had. Guilt for what happened to Bob, guilt about his dad. Guilt about his sketchbook, guilt about- He stopped. The bed. Will dropped to the floor and peered under Jonathan's bed. Clothes, trash and a shoebox. Will pulled the shoebox out and lifted the lid to find what he needed. An issue of Playboy magazine.

Will took the rolled up magazine out and shut the box, shoving it back under the bed. He held the magazine behind his back and went back into the hallway. He chucked the magazine onto his own bed and went into the kitchen, where Jonathan was in the middle of cooking the breakfast.

"Jonathan!"

Will shouted over the music until he got his attention.

Jonathan turned around.

"Yeah?"

"I forgot I ate food earlier. I'm not hungry."

Jonathan gave him a puzzled look, but couldn't say anything as Will

had already left to go to his room.

Will shut the door behind him and locked it, waiting a couple seconds in case Jonathan cared to further investigate. He didn't.

Will layed down on his bed in his pajamas and held the magazine in his hands. A pretty blonde woman was on the cover wearing lacy lingerie, skin tight around her whole body. She was on the floor, looking straight at Will. Will shimmied his pants down so he was in his undershirt and boxers. He fidgeted nervously.

A few moments passed. He couldn't bring himself to open the page.

He focused on the cover instead. She was pretty. Really, she was. She had nice eyes and bright white teeth. Will closed his eyes and tried to relax. He thought about the movie, and the scene with the nearly naked woman in the window. He imagined her instead as the woman on the cover, in lacy black lingerie. The man came up behind her, but it wasn't Jerry. It was Ryan from the park. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and his skin glistened with sweat. He kissed the playboy woman on the neck, and Will imagined her moaning as he did so. A part of him got nervous at what would happen next. He didn't know what he liked, and had never imagined anything like this before, at least not consciously. His mind thought back to his dream and suddenly Ryan was biting into the Playboy woman's neck like it was an apple and instead of blood gushing out it was popsicle juice and suddenly Will was back at the park standing in line and he could feel Ryan standing behind him, like a shadow. And then Ryan was at the bench sucking on his popsicle stick and it was melting around his lips and Can i come in? Mike was looking right at him, lips wet and red with melted juice or oh god was that blood? Will couldn't tell because suddenly he was in his own room again and someone was pounding on his bedroom door.

"No, its me Jonathan."

Everything around Will was fading from blackness. He looked down at himself and found stuff all over the front of his undershirt. Will touched his forehead. It was sweat-drenched, his bangs in clumps. His heartbeat pounded fast, slowing as he focused on his breathing. His arms were trembling and his stomach felt warm, his whole body hot.

"Jus-just a sec!"

He called out.

Will scooted off the bed and took off his ruined shirt. He scrunched his face and quickly shoved it under his bed. He ran his hands through his hair and made his way to the door. When he opened it

Jonathan stared at him with a curious look on his face.

"There's some leftover eggs if you've changed your mind."

Will nodded and started to close the door when he noticed Jonathan give a cursory glance into his room. Something caught Jonathan's eye, and Will watched as his thoughtful smile turned to a frown.

Will turned around to see what made Jonathan change his demeanor, only to find the playboy magazine sitting guiltily on his unmade bed. Will looked straight back at Jonathan, mortified.

"Jonathan I wasn't-"

Will's voice wavered at the end, cut off by Jonathan barging past him and into his room, leaving him at the doorway. Will didn't know what to think. He felt extremely guilty, and his heart fell into the pit of his stomach. His chest hurt. He watched Jonathan rush to his bed and take the magazine into his hands.

"Did you take- It's okay. Well it's not okay Will why-"

Jonathan's voice trailed off at the sight of Will's eyes welling up with tears.

"I- wanted to see."

Suddenly Will's mouth was dry, and a lump had formed in his throat. Jonathan softened his hardened gaze.

"It's alright Will I'm not upset. Don't cry."

Will shook his head with a pleading gaze.

"Will, what's wrong?"

"Get out."

It was said in a whisper.

"Will I said-"

"Please Jonathan. Leave me alone."

Jonathan took the magazine and left the room. Will wiped his tears away harshly and slammed the door shut.

An hour passed and Will laid in his bed thinking. He needed to apologize to Jonathan. But he knew if he did, he'd say something that'd mess everything up. He was ruining everything and he couldn't keep doing that. Jonathan loved him, he was his brother. Jonathan would understand. Understand what? Will pushed his thoughts away for a long time, but it seemed like now they were threatening to escape, threatening to plant themselves at the forefront of his mind. If he told Jonathan, there was no going back. It made it real.

He got out some clean clothes and went into the shower, trying to see if a clean body would clear his mind too. When he stepped out and dried himself off Will found himself knocking on Jonathan's bedroom

door. His heart beat so fast, it was all he could hear. He watched the handle on the door turn and swing open, Jonathan smiling smally at him.

"Hey. Feeling better?"

Will nodded his head and cleared his throat.

"Jonathan im sorry for going through your things and I'm sorry for what i did."

Jonathan nodded his head, contemplative.

"It's okay. I was your age not too long ago. I get it."

Will swallowed.

"I don't think you do."

"We can pretend it didn't happen, deal?"

Will shook his head no, furrowing his brows.

"Jonathan I think there's something wrong with me."

He looked at his older brother directly in the eyes, wanting him to understand that he needed to talk about it. It wasn't something he was supposed to forget.

"Come inside."

Jonathan opened the door all the way and waited for Will to step in. He did.

Will stood awkwardly to himself in front of Jonathan's bed, watching Jonathan shut the door behind him.

"If you won't sit, I will. I'm getting too old to be standing around all the time."

Will would have laughed in any other situation, but his heart was full of dread. He shuffled over to the bed and sat cross legged on it, mirroring his older brother.

Jonathan clasped his hands together.

"What's eating you?"

Will gulped his fear down. He looked around Jonathan's room. Nothing new. His eyes fell on the Playboy magazine on Jonathan's drawer top.

"I didn't open it."

"It's okay if you did."

Will let out a frustrated sigh.

"I didn't want to open it."

Jonathan stared at Will intently and Will could see he was confused. Will was too.

"I didn't feel anything when i looked at it. I- thought about some things. That maybe i shouldn't have."

"Like what? You don't have to tell me."

Will looked around the room some more to distract himself from Jonathan's gaze. He saw Jonathan run his hand through his hair and sigh.

"Was it a vampire?"

Jonathan said cautiously, gaging for Will's reaction. Will's head shot up. He knew that his face read nothing but guilt, and Jonathan gave him a small smile in return.

"It's okay Will. It is."

Will felt tears he hadn't had before fall from the corners of his eyes. He lifted his hand to his face.

"Don't wipe them away."

Will stopped. The tears trailed down his cheeks.

"Don't ever wipe them away. It's not shameful."

Will set his hands down and composed himself.

"How did you know? Is it that obvious to everyone but me?"

Jonathan shook his head. Will was so scared of his answer.

"You're my brother. Don't worry about other people. They don't know you."

"It's why they pick on me. It's not just my clothes it's the way i am and he can see it. It's why he doesn't let me change in the boys locker room."

"What? Who said that to you?"

"Tommy. At the start of school. He told me i would infect everyone in the room if i did. Like im a disease."

"You are not a disease Will. You're just a little different, is all. Like Bowie, remember?"

Will cracked a smile.

"Like Bowie."

He felt a lot better.

"Will?"

"Yeah?"

"There's nothing wrong with you. Nothing can change how much i love you, you got that?"

Will nodded his head and smiled.

"Okay."

"You're gonna be okay Will. I'll make sure of it."

Jonathan pulled Will into a tight hug, and Will couldn't believe how lucky he was to have Jonathan in his life, especially now.

Notes for the Chapter:

I take issue with fanfiction surrounding minor characters performing sexual acts explicitly, more so when they give the excuse that oh "their bodies are out of control" etc. I personally think sexuality is a natural thing and its sloppy to dismiss any romantic or sexual feelings as uncontrollable urges. I think these themes including young individuals should be handled with care and with a protective eye of preserving their rights as human beings (i know theyre fictional, but most people reading would imagine them as they are portrayed on the show and that's where the area of protection, from me, comes in).

I know i cant stop someone from sexualizing the characters, but i also wont write them in a way that lends them to that

Ps. Im on tumblr @thewiselosers and i post updates about this story if u wanna follow me or leave a message or comment i track the tag @ gym class losers

(Or if u wanna message me calling me the antichrist for writing this i mean that works too)

4. The Wrong Crowd

Summary for the Chapter:

some much needed Mike/Will talks. Mike's curiosity leads him to unexpected discoveries. Lucas/Max in this chapter.

The the sounds of the doorbell going off separated them.

“Mom must’ve forgot her keys again.”

Jonathan got out of his bed and out the room, heading to their front door. Will wiped his face and felt the heaviness in his heart recede into nothingness. A minute passed before he got up to follow Jonathan out the room and found him at the front door. He stopped to listen.

“Maybe tomorrow he isn't feeling too well right now.”

Shit . Will completely forgot about everyone coming over to read their new comic books. He hadn't realized how much of the morning flew by. It was already nearly one p.m.

“Can I just come in for a minute? It’s important.”

It was Mike. Will couldn't see him because Jonathan was blocking the doorway, but it was him. No doubt the others were just outside, upset by the news Mike had given them through some secret code, and thinking of alternative ways to spend the afternoon. Jonathan turned around to see Will watching him from the hallway. Will nodded his head. Jonathan stepped aside for Mike to come in and Will composed himself. Mike smiled energetically at Will and headed straight for his room. Will followed him in.

Mike set his backpack on Will’s bed and turned around to face him, a quizzical look in his brows.

“Are you sick?”

Will nodded his head after a beat.

“I think its a stomach virus.”

Will lied. Mike offered a disgusted yet, sympathetic look.

“Gross. Hopefully it’s a 24 hr thing. We’re running drills tomorrow, remember?”

Will forgot about that. His heart had a mini panic attack at the thought, but quickly remembered his illness was only psychosomatic.

“Yeah hopefully.”

He had a love hate relationship with running in gym class. On the one hand, he hated it. But on the other, he enjoyed it. The first couple laps, at least. The first lap was a mix of optimism and narcissism, in which everyone raced ahead at top speed, either to impress their buddies, their crush, or their previous record. He’d be forgotten in the back with Mike and Dustin, with Lucas as their guiding light. It was a good time to breathlessly babble about comic book nonsense, and a humble reminder that even though they may feel like Hawkins’ mightiest heroes, they couldn’t hold a pinkie to Captain America. By the time the fourth lap came around everyone else would slow to a leisurely place, and they’d be lost amongst the rest of the crowd. But those first few laps of agony, those he enjoyed endlessly.

Will’s mind wandered long enough for him to forget exactly why Mike was in his room.

“What’s so important?”

Mike nodded.

“Oh, right. Check this out.”

Mike took his backpack and unzipped it, taking out a plastic covered comic book. Will’s eyes beamed.

“How did you get this?”

Will was beyond excited. He took the booklet from Mike’s hand and traced his finger over the cover. Uncanny X-Men. He’d wanted to get

the issue for weeks but money had been tight.

“The price was marked down a bit. It was the only copy they had too. Take it out, it's yours.”

Willpower may have had his name in it, but it was something he lacked greatly in the moment, his fingers fumbling the clear plastic wrap off the thick booklet.

“Mine?”

Mike nodded his head. Will smiled hugely at him.

“You didn't have to get me this.”

Mike shrugged.

“You'd do the same for me.”

The sheepish yet assured smile hit Will like a wave, and his fingers slowed as he was about to slide the booklet out. He would.

“You can borrow any comic I have Mike I owe you one, really.”

Will suppress the urge to give Mike a huge hug. Mike looked around Wills room.

“It's a bummer you're flaking out on us. This was kind of a big deal for Lucas.”

Will shrugged. Traditions, they weren't exactly hard to keep, yet here he was.

“I know. I'm sorry.”

Mike had a tempting look in his eyes, an itch that needed to be scratched.

“I didn't believe Jonathan at the door. And you don't look sick.”

Will nodded along.

“I know.”

"Is everything okay? You've been acting different lately."

Will knew he couldn't tell Mike. Or maybe he could but just didn't want to. The time didn't seem right.

"I just have a lot of things on my mind."

It wasn't a lie. He wasn't lying to Mike. Friends don't lie.

"Things you can't tell me?"

Mike's voice was soft and his eyes were full of earnest.

"We're supposed to be best friends."

Mike looked like a kicked puppy, but his tone was slightly more aggressive than he'd intended. Like he was accusing Will of being a traitor.

"We are."

Will refused to believe otherwise. He couldn't believe what they were arguing about. Or if this was even an argument at all.

"So we tell each other everything. At least I do."

Mike was getting defensive.

"Maybe life isn't always like our sleepovers."

Will barked back.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Mike sounded hurt, like Will punched him in the stomach. Will didn't know why he said that.

"I mean there are some things I can't tell you."

Will's voice had risen and he couldn't control it.

"Like what? What things?"

Will sighed in frustration.

“Nothing. Forget I said anything.”

Will turned for the door. Which was odd because it was *his* room.

“Will. Will! I know!”

Mike had shouted and Will stopped in his tracks. What exactly does he know? He reached a tentative hand out and closed the bedroom door. He turned to face Mike, who looked extremely guilty.

“Know what?”

Will’s voice wavered. Mike visibly swallowed.

“The other week when I found your notebook. I found your box too. I looked inside. I’m sorry.”

“What?”

Will had all but forgotten about the little memory box he kept under there. He didn't like to think about it. He hardly ever did.

“I know you miss Bob. I know when you see El, you’re jealous because she has a dad now, and you don’t. It’s okay.”

Will had no idea what Mike was talking about.

“Mike no.”

Will shook his head. He just wanted Mike to stop.

“The others see it too. It’s okay. I felt the same after El- after I thought El was gone.”

Will couldn't believe the words coming out of Mike's mouth. It's been over a year and he already grieved Bob. Of course he still missed him from time to time, but it wasn't that. Was Mike so oblivious? Maybe it was a good thing. Like what his mom would tell him. Some things, though he might not know it yet, are blessings in disguise. Will pondered for a few moments. It seemed almost cruel to use Bob's

memory in this way.

“Mike, why would I be jealous of Chief Hopper *now* ?”

Mike waited, unsure.

“Then what is it?”

Will didn't know what to say. He didn't want to say anything at all. How did he get into this situation? Why did he let Mike in? Mike stood there waiting for an answer that Will wasn't strong enough to give.

“When I was trapped in the upside down you met El. I came back and you were grieving a stranger. I was grieving too.”

“Grieving what?”

Mike kept his gaze locked on Wills, searching. Will tried giving him an answer without saying anything, and after a few moments, it worked. Mike's face broke and softened with understanding. He took the short steps forward and brought Will into a crushing bearhug. Will didn't know what else to do but reciprocate.

“Will you're my best friend. El doesn't change that.”

Will nodded into Mike's shoulder. It felt good to have his friend back, but he felt guilty for wanting more. They separated and Mike made for his backpack, getting ready to leave.

“Since you're not really sick, can we still hang out till your mom gets home?”

Will nodded with a laugh and Mike beamed. The two called out for Lucas, Dustin, and Max to hurry inside.

The afternoon was spent with the five of them draped over the couches and floor of the Byer's living room, pouring over their issues. Dustin was extremely vocal about the craziness happening in She-Hulk, and Lucas laid with Max on the floor, Max often interjecting to ask about certain characters and who they were and why they did such things. Lucas would explain matter-of-factly and Dustin would

occasionally try and correct him. Will and Mike sat together on the couch reading Uncanny X-Men, Will with the new issue Mike got him, and Mike starting the first issue from Will's collection. Mike jetted through the first issue as quickly as his brain would register so he wasn't that far behind, occasionally peering over at Will, who liked to digest each and every frame and dialogue bubble on the page.

"Will."

Mike whisper-shouted, trying not to distract Will too much.

"Hmm?"

Will mumbled before eventually looking up to find Mike staring back at him with the leaflet closed, a similar intensity Will remembered he got when he first read the issue.

"Oh! What'd you think?"

"It was awesome, Claremont is a genius."

"Yeah. Kirby's lines are beautiful."

Mike agreed.

"I need the next issue."

Will laughed at that.

"They're just on my desk. Make sure you put it back in the right spot."

He yelled as Mike got up to leave to Will's room.

"Of course. I'm not a savage."

Will laughed and returned to his comic.

Over in Will's room Mike put away the first issue and grabbed the second beside it. He was almost out the door when something caught his eye. Will's sketchbook was face down on the floor against the

wall, like it'd fallen, only there was nothing to fall from. Had it been there earlier? He bent down and picked it up, about to close the cover when he saw the drawing it was opened up on. It was a drawing of a guy from the waist up. Someone Mike didn't know, but he looked familiar. He was laying on a bench, shirtless and his lips were orange, like he was wearing orange lipstick. Mike set the sketchbook down on the bed and just stared at the drawing, confused. Who was that guy? Why did Will have a drawing of him? Mike looked on the corner of the page where he found a date. It was from just a few weeks ago. Then he saw it. Above the date. *RYAN*. That must be this guys name. But who was he? He didn't know a Ryan. Mike flipped to the next page but it was blank. He closed the sketchbook and slid it beneath Will's bed, deciding he was already taking too long and someone might get suspicious.

He returned to the couch pretending like he hadn't just invaded Will's privacy. Again.

The afternoon continued on, and despite his efforts, his attention was elsewhere. He didn't even read the next issue. He just stared at the images and occasionally flipped the page when he heard someone else do the same. Ryan. The name ran through his mind for the rest of the week. Ryan. Ryan. Ryan.

The next thursday at school the party were all walking in the halls. All minus El and Max, who were chatting by El's locker about girl stuff, Mike supposed. Lucas and Dustin were currently arguing over some project they had for history when the bell rang, signalling the end of their lunch period. Will and Mike had class together next and began heading to their room when Will snapped his fingers.

"Shoot! I grabbed the wrong binder."

He looked at Mike and Mike looked back. The halls were already clearing of students.

"Your lockers by the bathroom and I gotta go. We can both be late so it won't be that obvious."

"Wouldn't that make it more obvious?"

Mike shrugged, he had a point. and continued with their elaborate plan.

They speed-walked to Will's locker, Mike making a turn for the boys restroom.

Will put his english binder away and grabbed his math binder when a body slumped against the locker to his right. Will stepped back to see it was Ryan. He'd seen Ryan around school more and more ever since the day at the park, but he never acknowledged him before. Ryan was chewing on a piece of bubblegum, and he wore a burgundy beanie over his fluffy brown hair.

"Sup Picasso."

"Hi."

"You ditching class?"

Will looked around nervously.

"N-no."

"So you're just hanging out here?"

He smirked and Will watched him blow a bubble and then pop it. He could smell the bubblegum.

"I just forgot my binder."

For some reason Will felt like he couldn't lie to Ryan. At least not when he stood so close and smelled of pink bubblegum.

"Who's your teacher?"

"Ms. Barwick."

Ryan rolled his eyes and made an exaggerated groaning sound, which made Will smile.

"Come play hookie. You can show me more of your drawings."

Was Ryan offering to ditch class with him? Will looked nervously

from Ryan to the bathroom door.

"I can't. We're having a test and i can't miss it. Sorry."

Will was lying through his teeth and he couldn't help but feel like Ryan knew. He really did feel sorry though. Maybe if Mike weren't a few doors down he'd actually go. But the school would definitely call his mom and he really couldn't have that. Will let out a frustrated and conflicted sigh. He couldn't do anything without other people ruining things for him. Ryan clicked his tongue.

"That's too bad."

He spoke slowly, and began to leave.

"Why?"

Will blurted it out even though he was pressed for time. Mike could come out of the bathroom any second. Will just didn't understand what Ryan wanted from him, or what he wanted from Ryan.

Ryan stopped walking. He stared at Will for a good few seconds before leaning in close and whispering in his ear.

"Because I like you."

Ryan stepped back and watched Will seriously for his reaction. Will simply nodded and watched Ryan leave down the empty hallway like he didn't just said those words to him.

"Will."

Will turned around to see Mike standing in the bathroom doorway. His heart seemed to stop for a second time in a minute.

"That was the second bell."

Will turned to where Ryan retreated, not a sign of him. He nodded and the two ran to class.

Ms. Barwick had them get into groups of three to solve some word

problems. Will kept quiet to himself and his own thoughts, which bothered Mike because he knew Will wasn't understanding the questions.

Nancy was in the middle of doing homework when Mike knocked on her door.

“What?”

She said annoyed.

“I need to borrow your yearbook.”

“For what?”

“It's for a history project. I have to find class ratios on the different genders and races compared to other years for-”

She left him rambling at the door, opening one of her drawers and taking out the large book, which irritated him because he'd rehearsed it at least two dozen times.

“Here. Now leave me alone I'm busy.”

She wasn't, she was on the phone, so Mike grabbed the book with a curt ‘thanks’ and headed into the basement. He sat down comfortably and thought to himself. Since he goes to Hawkins he'd most likely be in Nancy's year or a grade lower. He flipped to the year of Nancy's grade and looked through the different names. After 10 minutes of searching and laughing at bad yearbook photos he realized he was out of luck. He went to the next page and searched again. It didn't take long to find the right face to match the name. Ryan Williams. A junior this year. He had long brown hair and a winning smile. It was definitely the guy he was looking for. But Mike didn't recognize him from Will's drawing or from school. He was one of the guys at the skatepark that would sometimes tease them. He could remember somebody, one of his friends calling out his name as he did a cool trick. That must be how Will knows him.

Mike closed the book and furrowed his brows. It still didn't explain why Will had such a drawing of him in his sketchbook, or why he

was talking to him out in the hall.

Mike went back upstairs and gave Nancy her yearbook back.

“You don’t need it anymore?”

She lowered her paperback, surprised Mike had been back so quickly.

“No. I found what I needed.”

Nancy nodded along, her eyes on Mike.

“Are you alright? You look- down.”

Mike shrugged inside her doorway. Nancy set her book aside.

“Clearly something bothering you. What's wrong? Are you and El having relationship troubles?”

She teased. He’d been so preoccupied with thoughts of the mysterious Ryan drawing all week that he hadn’t thought of El all day. Still, the somberness in him made him linger by the door, incapable of forming so much as a grimace in retaliation.

“Do you know if Jonathan’s friends with a guy named Ryan? Ryan Williams?”

Nancy had a surprised look on her face.

“Not how I thought this conversation would go. Um, yeah I know him but, no they’re not friends. Ryan’s sort of weird.”

“Weird how?”

Mike asked, curious. Nancy patted the bed and Mike begrudgingly sat beside her.

“Well he hangs out with the wrong crowd. Does things that he thinks is cool. Things you *shouldn’t* do by the way.”

Mike nodded. He didn’t need another lecture about not taking drugs.

“If he ever tries to talk to you just stay away, okay?”

"I know, I know. Drugs are bad."

"That's not what I mean."

Mike looked at Nancy, who averted her gaze.

"I'm going to tell you something but I need you to promise not to tell any of your friends, okay?"

Mike nodded furiously.

"A couple years ago there was a senior who got suspended. He and another boy were caught in the boy's bathroom together. A rumor went around that the boy he was with was Ryan."

Mike's cheeks got extremely red, unsure of Nancy's implication. He could feel his hands get all clammy.

"I'm just telling you in case he tries making you do something you don't wanna do, okay? And if he does that you can tell me or one of your teachers."

Something in his stomach was turning and he felt like throwing up.

"Mike? Are you okay? Do I need to get mom or dad?"

Mike shook his head.

"What is it? I promise if you tell me you won't get in trouble, I won't even tell mom and dad if you don't want me to."

Mike couldn't stand the thought of something having happened to Will. And that's all what was going through his mind. Kids always said rude untrue things about Will, what if this Ryan guy knew too?

"I think I may have seen something I wasn't supposed to."

Notes for the Chapter:

Aren't Lucas and Max so cute? i promise some things will tie together better in the next chapter, this one's a bit flip-floppy but i feel i've prolonged it enough.

finally some Nancy Wheeler

Author's Note:

Please feel free to comment! This is a multi chapter story and i plan on updating monthly, if you want to know more about the progress of the story, im on tumblr @thewiselosers, thanks again!